

"Keep Ya Head Up" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

"Keep Ya Head Up"

Little something for my godson Elijah  
And a little girl named Corin

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice  
I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots  
I give a holla to my sisters on welfare  
2Pac cares if don't nobody else care  
And I know they like to beat you down a lot  
When you come around the block, brothers clown a lot  
But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up  
Forgive, but don't forget, girl, keep your head up  
And when he tells you you ain't nothing, don't believe him  
And if he can't learn to love you, you should leave him  
'Cause, sister, you don't need him  
And I ain't trying to gas ya up, I just call 'em how I see 'em  
You know what makes me unhappy? When brothers make babies and leave a young mother to be a pappy  
And since we all came from a woman  
Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman  
I wonder why we take from our women  
Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?  
I think it's time to kill for our women  
Time to heal our women, be real to our women  
And if we don't we'll have a race of babies  
That will hate the ladies that make the babies  
And since a man can't make one  
He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one  
So will the real men get up?  
I know you're fed up, ladies, but keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooh, child  
Things are gonna get easier  
Keep ya head up, ooh, child  
Things'll get brighter  
Keep ya head up, ooh, child  
Things are gonna get easier  
Keep ya head up, ooh, child  
Things'll get brighter

Ayo, I remember Marvin Gaye used to sing to me  
He had me feeling like black was the thing to be  
And suddenly the ghetto didn't seem so tough  
And though we had it rough, we always had enough  
I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the rules  
Ran with the local crew and had a smoke or two  
And I realize momma really paid the price  
She nearly gave her life to raise me right  
And all I had to give her was my pipe dream

Of how I'd rock the mic and make it to the bright screen  
I'm trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents  
It's hard to be legit and still pay the rent  
And in the end it seems I'm heading for the pen  
I try to find my friends, but they're blowing in the wind  
Last night my buddy lost his whole family  
It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity  
It seems the rain'll never let up  
I try to keep my head up and still keep from getting wet up  
You know, it's funny, when it rains it pours  
They got money for wars but can't feed the poor  
Say there ain't no hope for the youth  
And the truth is it ain't no hope for the future  
And then they wonder why we crazy  
I blame my mother for turning my brother into a crack baby  
We ain't meant to survive, 'cause it's a set-up  
And even though you're fed up  
Huh, you got to keep your head up

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And uh, to all the ladies having babies on they own  
I know it's kinda rough and you're feeling all alone  
Daddy's long gone and he left you by your lonesome  
Thank the Lord for my kids even if nobody else want 'em  
'Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure  
And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more  
'Cause ain't nothing worse than when your son  
Wants to know why his daddy don't love him no mo'  
You can't complain you was dealt this  
Hell of a hand without a man, feeling helpless  
Because there's too many things for you to deal with  
Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless  
While tears is rolling down your cheeks  
You steady hoping things don't fall down this week  
'Cause if it did, you couldn't take it  
And don't blame me, I was given this world, I didn't make it  
And now my son's getting older and older and colder  
From having the world on his shoulders  
While the rich kids is driving Benz  
I'm still trying to hold on to surviving friends  
And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up  
But please, you got to keep your head up

Thanks to Viviana Medina for correcting these lyrics.

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